**Song of Why**

*Goose Creek- July 13, 2013*

On rare occasion of the witching hour as cosmic clock strikes

12 Wolf of Self howls at the Waning Moon.

I glance in looking glass of my Soul at apparition of what I was am and yet may be.

Yea Ponder seek to Cyper why my Sun be Poised to perhaps set and

Haunting Call of the Nightingale doth float upon the Evening Mist and Amber Air.

So soon. So soon.

Why is the Silver Bell perchance so poised to

Toll and Chime for such a Poor Waife as Me.

For only yesterday a blink ago the Door of being swung open wide and free.

Why heed the Tick and Tock of Beings Clock or mark

Sands what flow through Slender Vase of Life and Spirit or count the Tides that flow. Take note of when again Old Sol should rise or die a

Brilliant death to sleep beneath the waiting Sea.

Care to contemplate how we may but now see the light of long dead

Stars what launched their silent pure energy to

Join us here from trackless Time and Space of Eons long ago.

Or Tally Allotted Breaths Heartbeat and

Thoughts we might still know in this Mist of Entropy.

From where the Gift of

Life doth spring as Seed to Flower doth grow as so conceived.

Whence and to what Mystic Bourne we fly as fragile

Clay Vessel of the I fades and rejoins Earths Mother Soil.

By which such Slight of Sentience we be no more of this

Illusive Vale and take our silent leave.

By what hand doth life and death yield and when to

Jesters Touch and Reapers Silver Foil.

No matter such to Descern Seek to Devine or Know.

For every Moment holds a Life of no End.

Each Birth a Death.

Each Death a Birth.

Each Curtain Call so Void bereft.

Wont of Over as another

Play of Existence so spawned begins.

And no Call of The Owl may sound the

Stroke of Night.

But Brethren of the Morning Light be heralded by

Cocks Pure Eager Song and Crow.